

MARVEL

33

LGY#759

**GRØNBEKK
GEDEON
WILSON**

THOR



THOR

“BLOOD OF THE FATHERS” PART THREE

MILLENNIA AGO, THOR’S GRANDFATHER, BOR, SEALED A VAULT DEEP IN AN UNCHARTED WASTELAND OF NIFFLEHEIM THAT COULD BE OPENED ONLY WITH HIS BLOOD—WHICH THOR LEARNED WHEN LAUSSA ODINSDOTTIR, HIS BABY SISTER, WAS KIDNAPPED TO PROVIDE THE KEY. AFTER THOR RESCUED LAUSSA, THOUGH, THE KING OF ASGARD OPENED THE VAULT HIMSELF TO LEARN WHAT SECRETS HIS GRANDFATHER HAD LOCKED AWAY.

WITHIN THE VAULT WAS A TIME STORM—A SWIRLING MASS OF PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE. AND FROM THAT FUTURE CAME A TEENAGE LAUSSA, WARNING HER BROTHER NOT TO LOOK INTO THE TIME STORM. BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THOR HAD ALREADY WITNESSED HIS FUTURE SELF DOING SOMETHING UNSPEAKABLE.

BUT LAUSSA ALSO WARNED HIM TO TEND TO THE RECENT DISAPPEARANCE OF ALL THE SOULS IN VALHALLA. HE AND VALKYRIE TRAVELED TO HEL BUT FOUND THE REALM LIKEWISE EMPTIED OF SOULS AND ITS QUEENS, HELA AND KARNILLA, MISSING. AFTER A BATTLE WITH NIDHOGG, THE EATER OF SOULS, ODIN’S SPIRIT DISAPPEARED FROM MJOLNIR.

THOR AND VALKYRIE FOLLOWED THE BEAST TO LATVERIA, WHERE DOCTOR DOOM HELD HELA—AND A SWIRLING MASS OF THE LOST SOULS OF THE DEAD—PRISONER. AND A MINDLESS ARMY OF LATVERIANS AWAITED THOR’S ARRIVAL.

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THOR CREATED BY STAN LEE, LARRY LIEBER & JACK KIRBY

VANAHEIM.
THEN.

It took him years
to discover where
he was.

Years of living in this
harsh, beautiful and
brutal world--

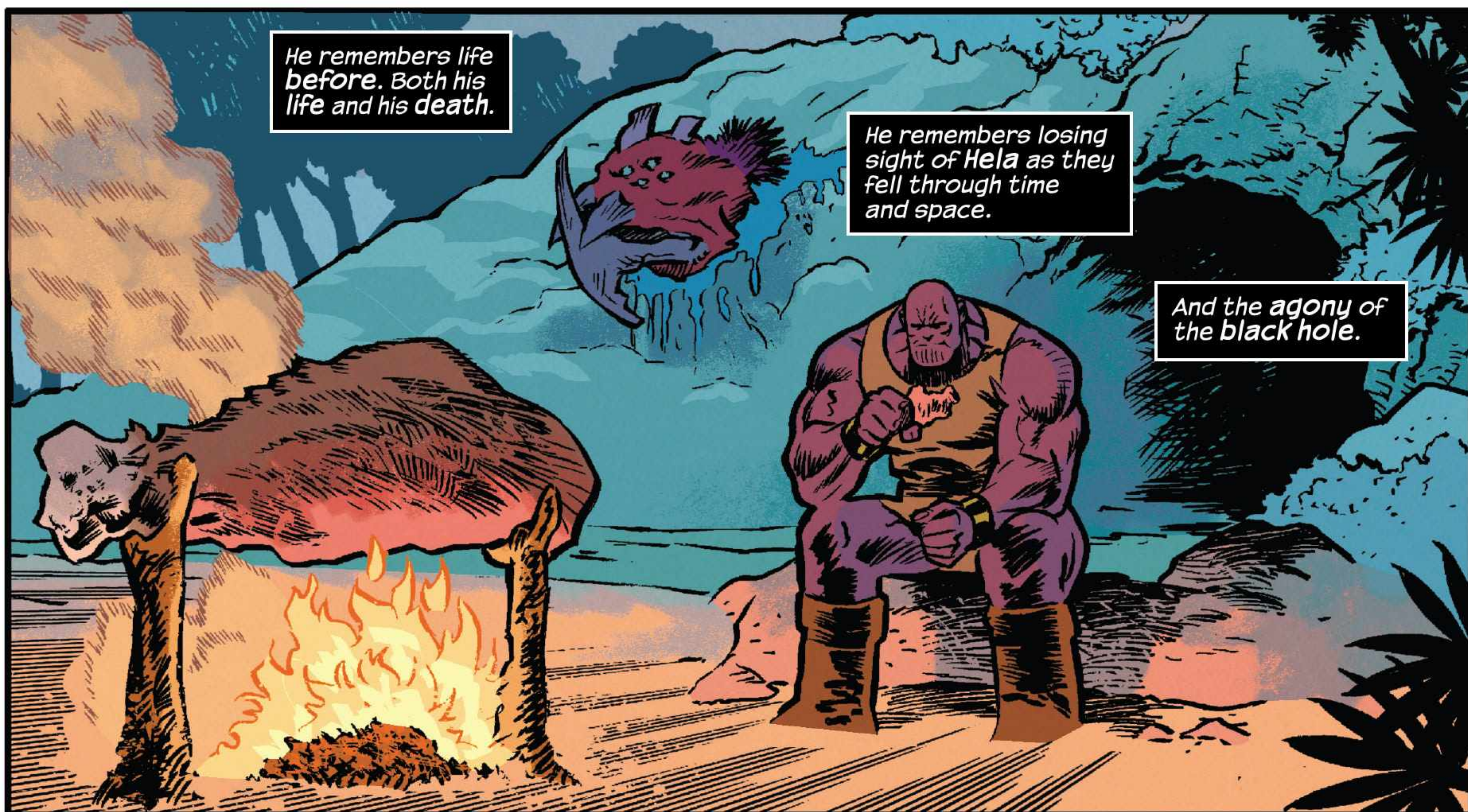
--in this
wild time.

But now he
knows.

This is the
world--

--this is
the age--

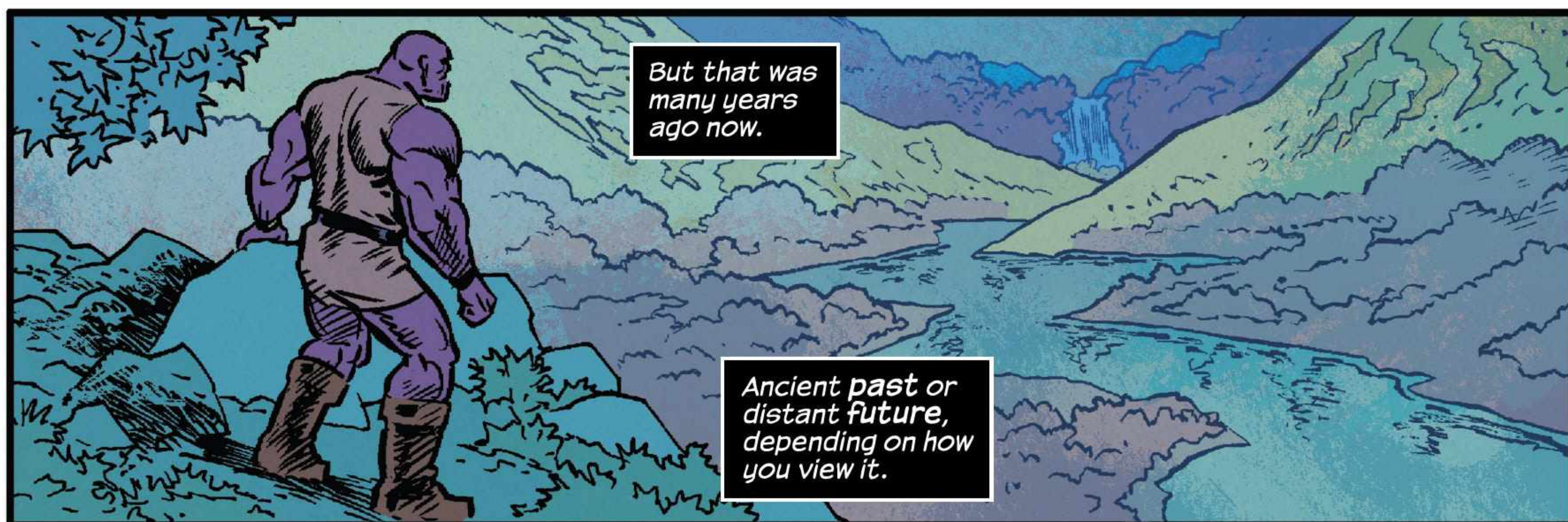
--of Bor.



He remembers life
before. Both his
life and his death.

He remembers losing
sight of Hela as they
fell through time
and space.

And the agony of
the black hole.



But that was
many years
ago now.

Ancient past or
distant future,
depending on how
you view it.



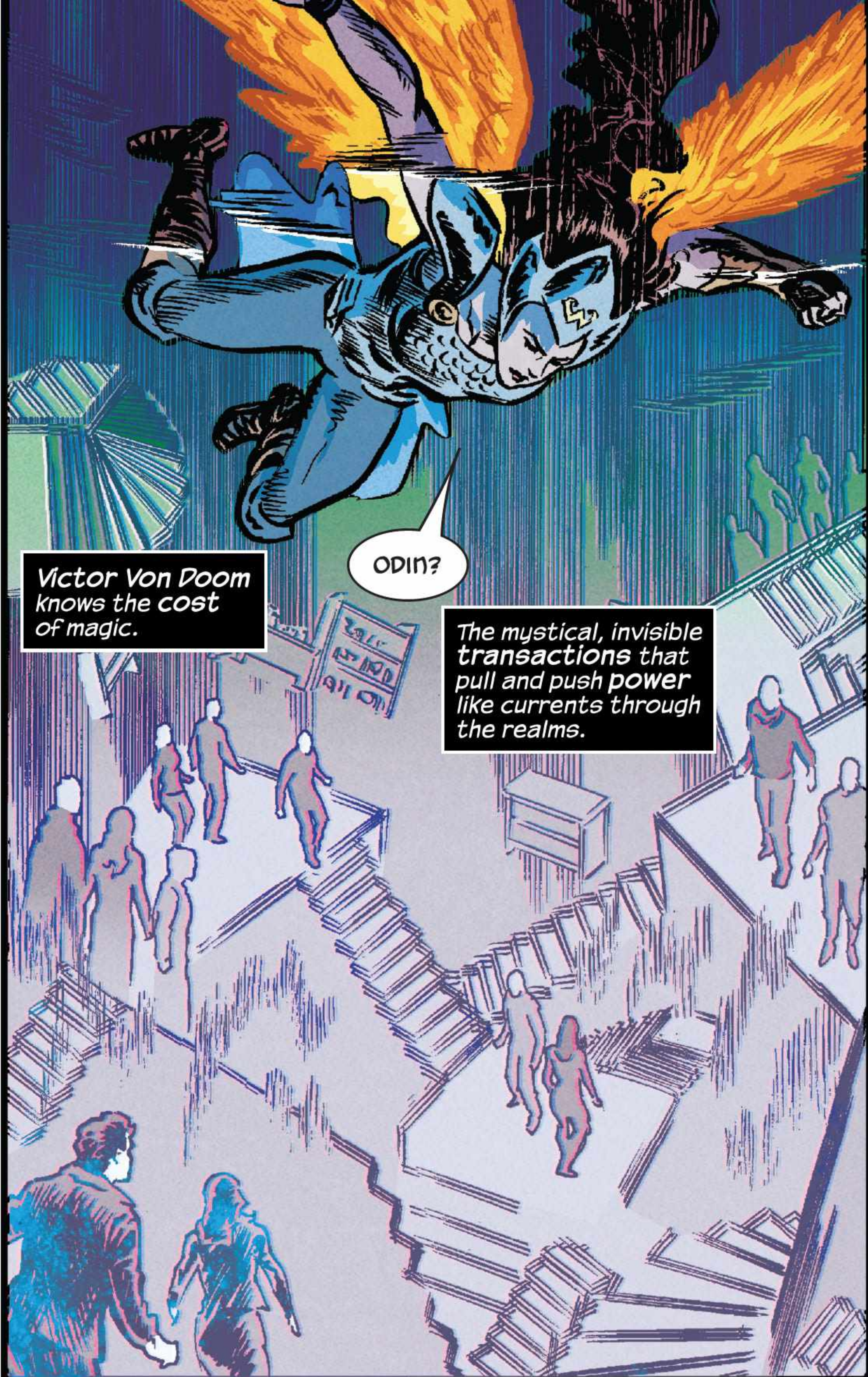
Knowing it is coming, he
has waited patiently
for this day.

Tonight, Bor will
create something
that will change
the universe.



And Thanos would
not miss it for
the world.

LATVERIA.
NOW.



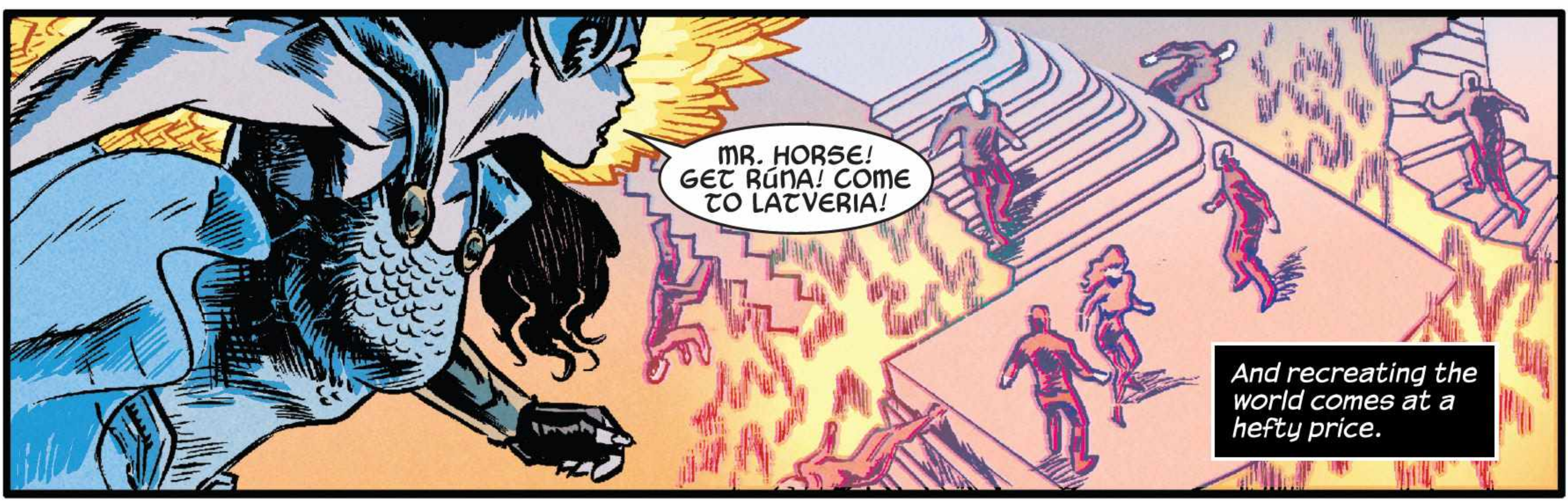
Victor Von Doom
knows the cost
of magic.

ODIN?

The mystical, invisible
transactions that
pull and push power
like currents through
the realms.



But there is a difference
between cost and value.



MR. HORSE!
GET RUNA! COME
TO LATVERIA!

And recreating the
world comes at a
hefty price.



THOSE
SCREAMS--!
THE SOULS ARE
BURNING!

WEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

(It always
does.)



One could argue that what he does is no different from a general sacrificing soldiers on a battlefield.

Or kings shaping history by the blood of others.

They knew the cost of victory.

But the value of lives lost--

YOU ARE TURNING SOULS INTO FUEL, DOOM.



FROM WHET TO WHET.

IT IS A CRIME AGAINST EXISTENCE.



A CRIME AGAINST CREATION ITSELF.

--all those lives sacrificed--

--remains unknowable--

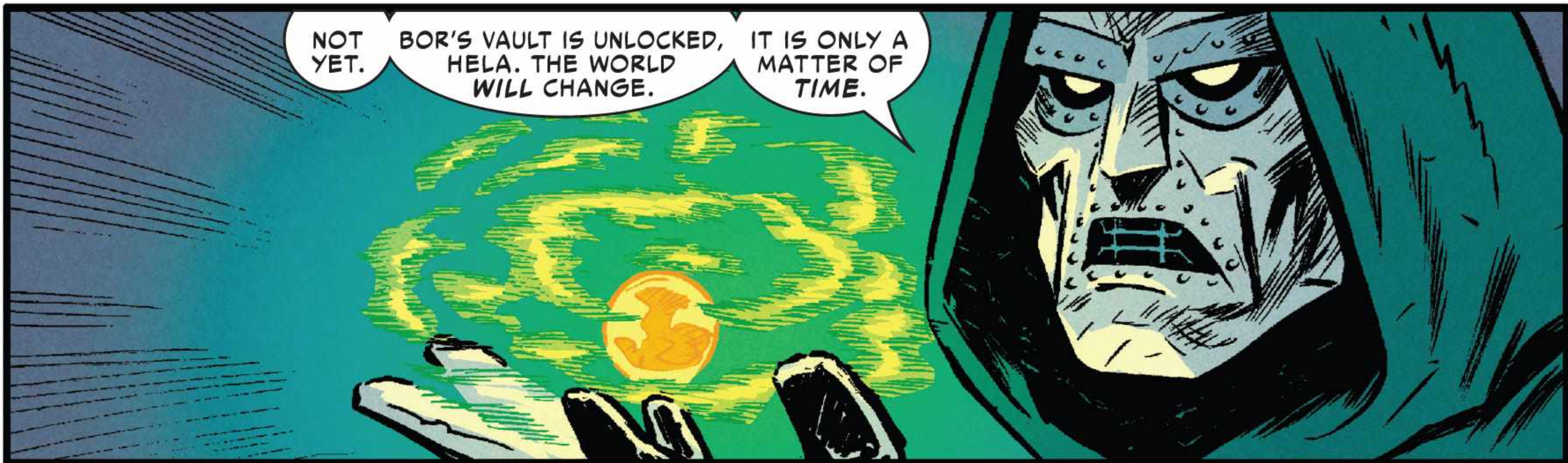


--to almost everyone.

AND FOR WHAT?

TO REMAKE THE WORLD IN YOUR IMAGE?

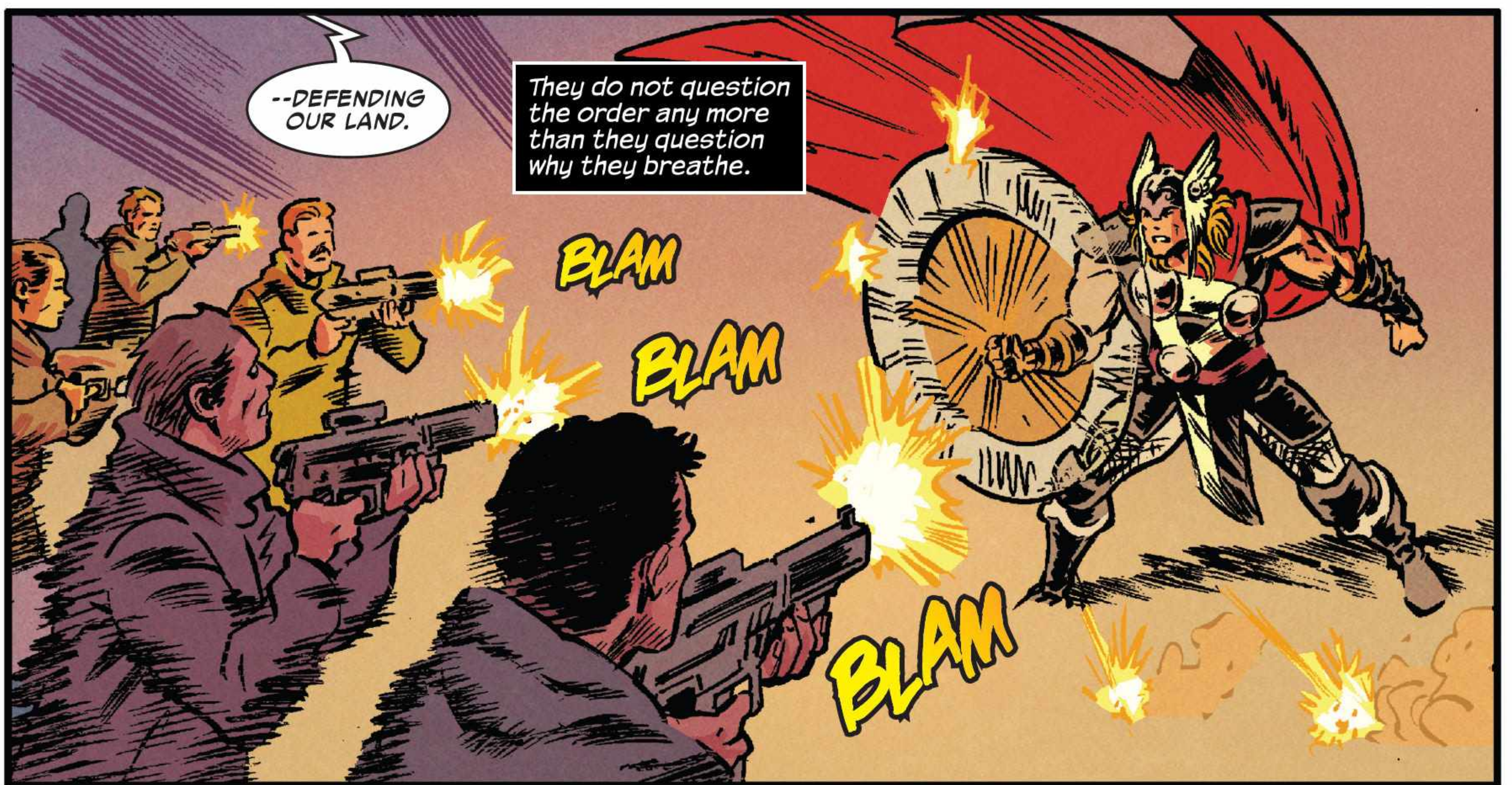
ASGARD IS AT YOUR DOORSTEP. FACE IT, DOOM--YOU HAVE LOST.



NOT YET.

BOR'S VAULT IS UNLOCKED, HELA. THE WORLD WILL CHANGE.

IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME.





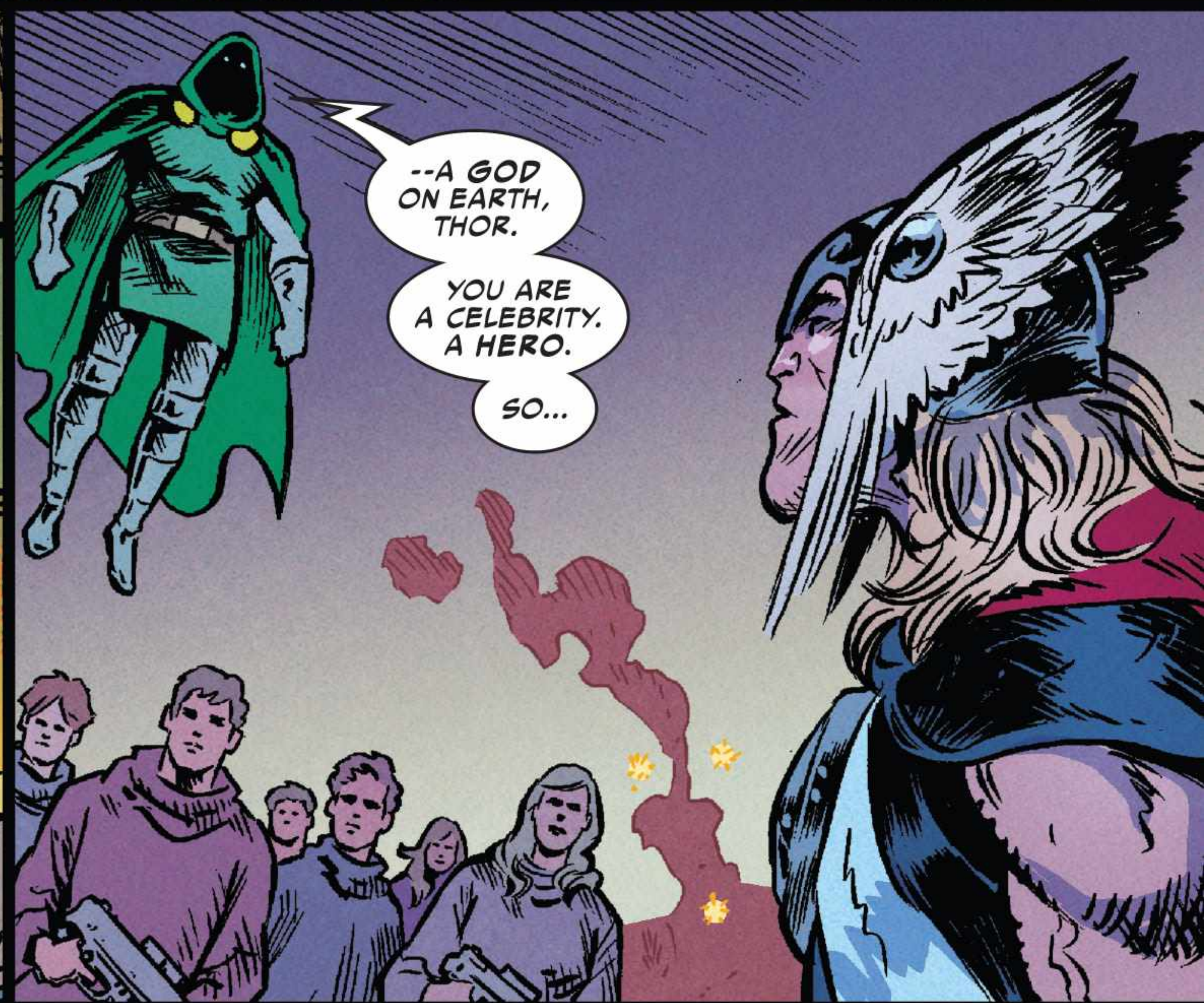
DOOM!
BY THE GRACE
OF YMIR, STOP
THIS!

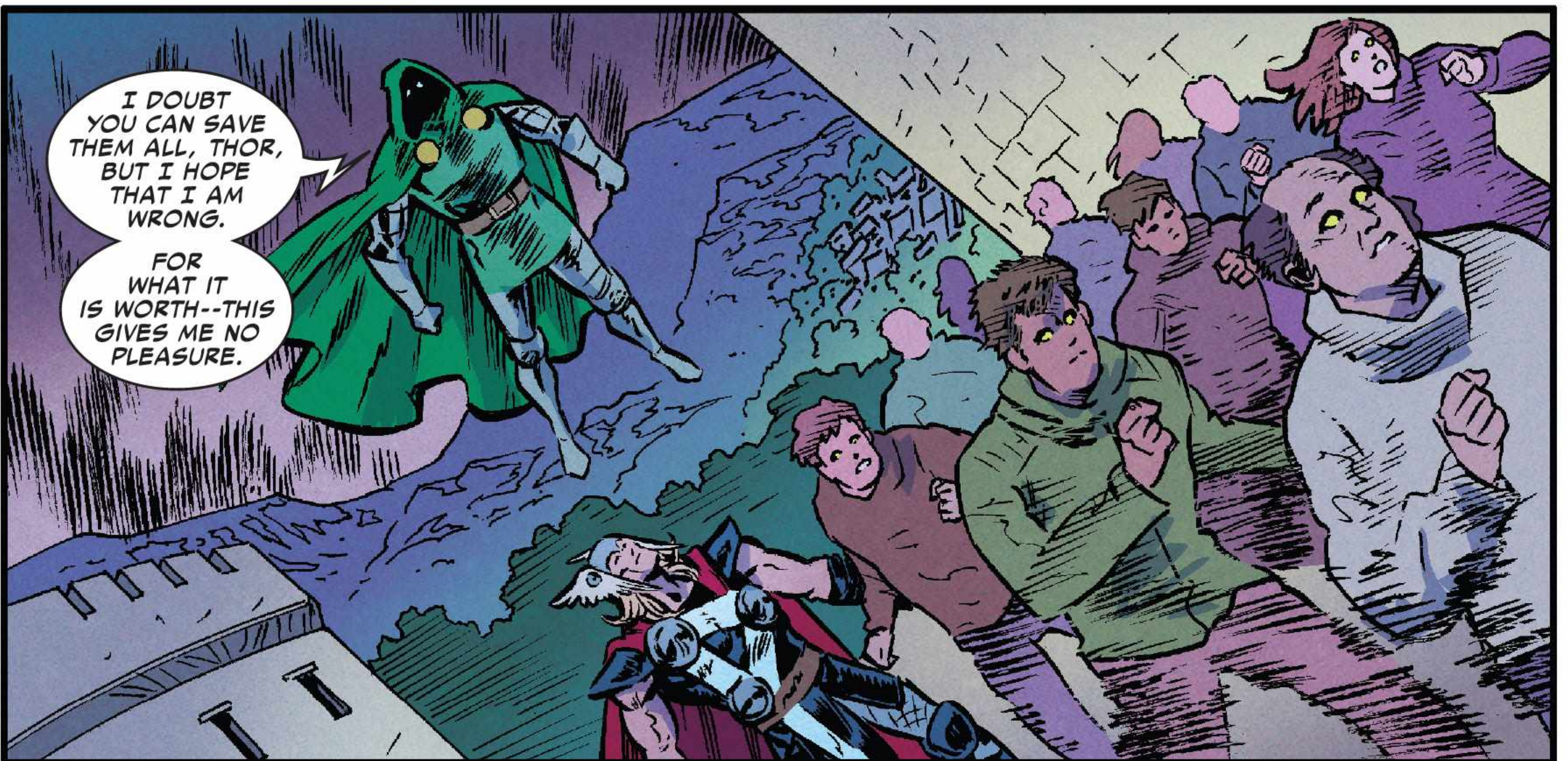
STOP HIDING
BEHIND YOUR
DOOMBOTS!



KZZZT

FACE
ME, YOU
COWARD!







NIFFLEHEIM.
THEN.

"HE IS
HERE."

"THE
STRANGER."



TELL ME,
MISKUNN, WHAT
DO YOU SEE IN HIM?
WHERE DOES HE
HAIL FROM?



HE IS
NEITHER JOTUNN
NOR TROLL,
KING BOR.

MOTHER
AND FATHER
NOT YET
BORN.



HEART OF
DEATH--

--THOUGHTS
OF DEATH.

HIS
JOURNEY IS...
LONG.

BORN TO
THE ROCK IN
THE RINGS...

HE SEEKS...
THE BLACK
STONE.



I HAVE BEEN AWARE OF
HIS PRESENCE IN OUR
REALMS FOR SIXTEEN
WINTERS.

SKULKING
THROUGH VANAHEIM.
BIDDING HIS TIME.
KILLING WITH
DELIGHT.

IF HE IS HERE,
IT IS BECAUSE HE
KNOWS IT WILL WORK.
HE KNOWS WE MAKE
THE STONE TONIGHT,
AND HE INTENDS TO
STEAL IT.



LET HIM
TRY.

IT IS
TIME. **BURN**
THEM.

I BESEECH
YOU, MY
KING.

THEY ARE
OUR DEAD.
OUR KIN. OUR
HISTORY.

SHOULD NOT
THE SOULS OF
OUR FOREFATHERS
BE GRANTED
PEACE?

WHAT DOES
IT MATTER,
BRÜN?

LET THE
FIRE **CLEANSE**
THEM.

"THE ASHES OF
MEN ARE BUT
THE SHADOWS
OF LIFE."

There is no nagging
voice in the back of
their minds telling
them this is wrong.

WHERE
ARE THEY
GOING?

THE
CLIFF!

DOOM
IS KILLING
THEM!

THE BLOODY
COWARD.

They run without
fear.

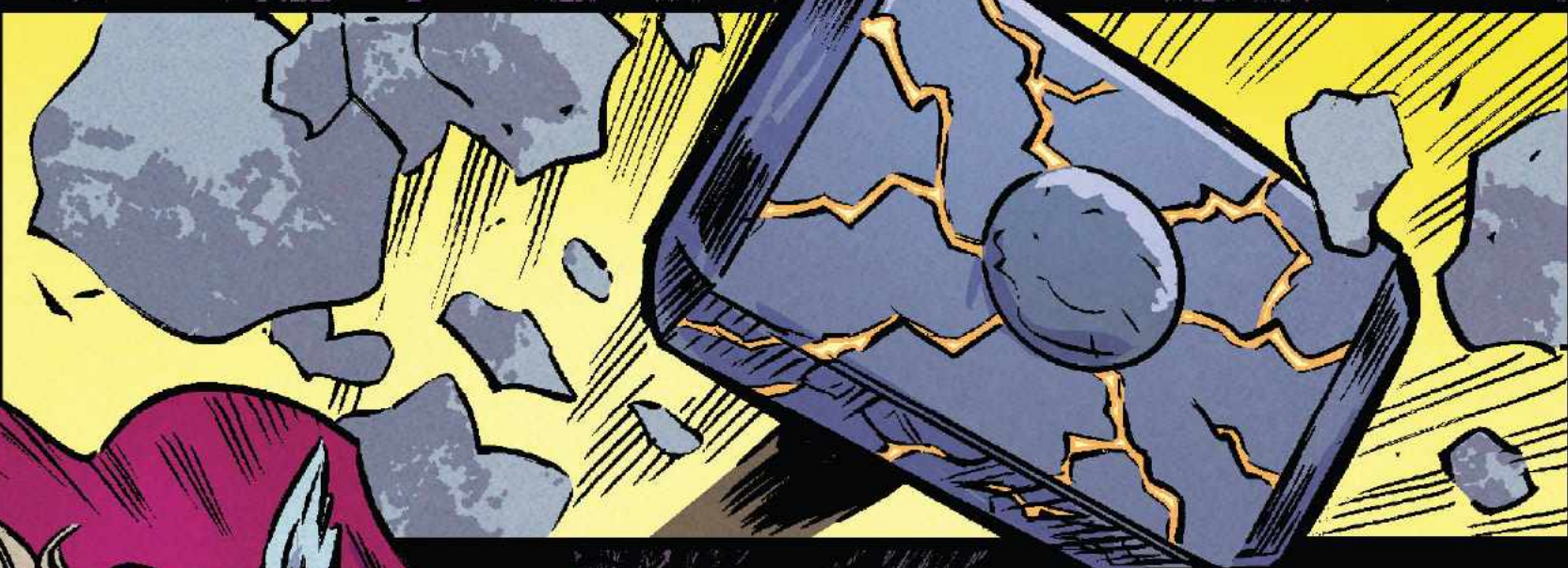
Without
thought.

Thor knows he
cannot stop
them all.

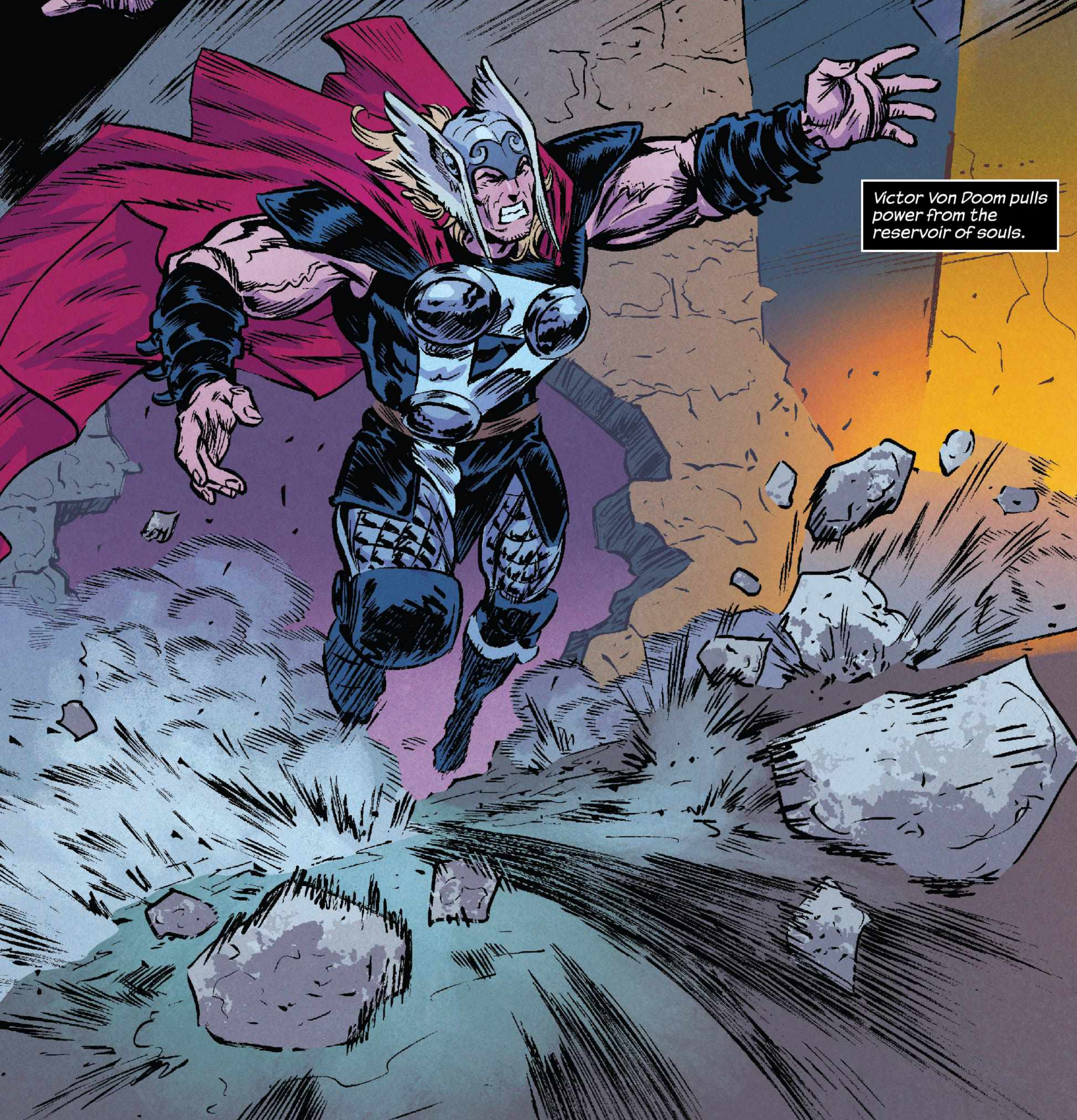
DOOM!

(At least not without
hurting them.)

But he can
stop one.



Victor Von Doom pulls
power from the
reservoir of souls.



He tries to hold
the hammer--



--to halt its
progress--



--but it is
not enough.





WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT YOU ARE, ODINSON.

YOU SPEAK OF COWARDICE, BUT INACTION IS THE MOST COWARDLY COURSE OF ALL.

RELEASE THEM OR I WILL END YOU, DOOM.



For a moment, panic tinges Hela's voice.

no! LET HIM GO, THOR!



Only a moment--

--but enough to make him hesitate.

(Later, he will understand why.)

NEVER MIND THE MAN!
END THE SPELL!
NOTHING ELSE MATTERS.



He knows what to do.



He saw himself do this in the mirror, back in the amber cave.



Magic sometimes feels clumsy in his hands, but this comes naturally.

He pulls power from Doom's reservoir of souls and takes control.



He sees
all.

Controls
all.

And he
realizes--

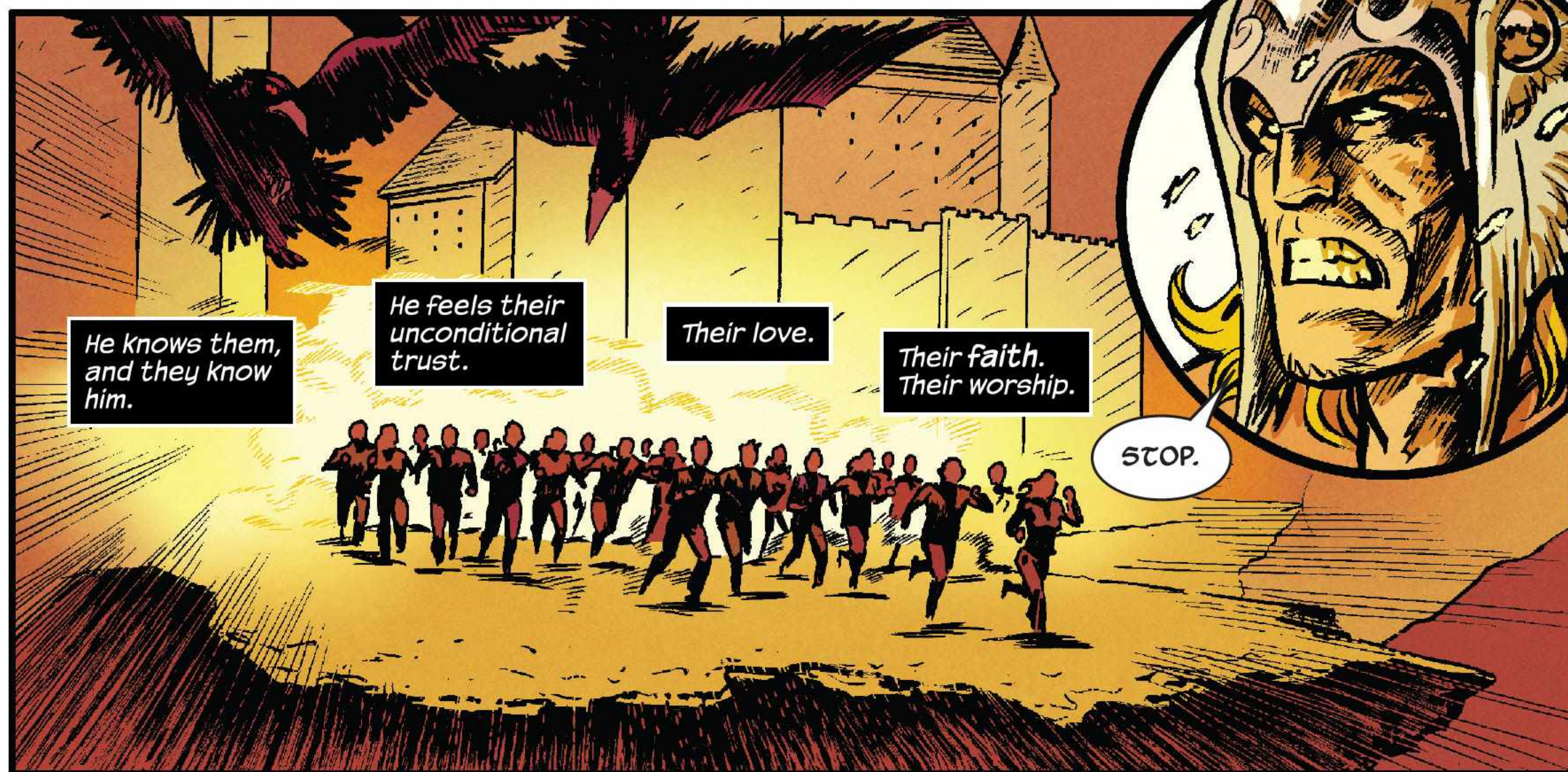


--this is how
it could feel.

Another way
to rule.

A country under
his control.

It could be
the world.



He knows them,
and they know
him.

He feels their
unconditional
trust.

Their love.

Their faith.
Their worship.

STOP.



Their utter
obedience.



He knows he should set them free--

--let them go--

--but it feels like letting them down.



When he relinquishes control--

--and gives them back their will--

--he feels their confusion and fear.



He hears their prayers.

And he is tempted.



The building blocks of life rest between his fingers.

He could take away their ability to lie... or their impatience.

Their hate.

Or their doubt.

He could reshape their lives.



But he does not know if you can love if you cannot hate.

Or have faith without doubt.

And he does not know the cost.

So he frees them.

He leaves them.

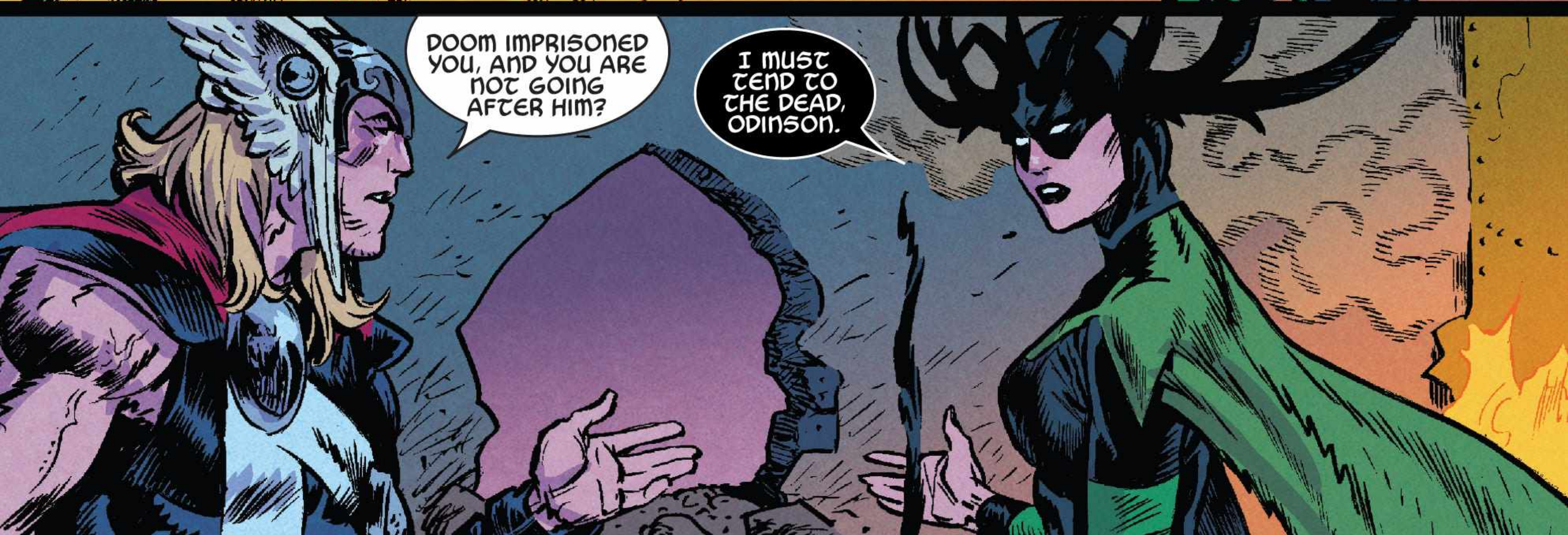
(And it hurts.)



TOOK YOU
LONG ENOUGH,
ODINSON.

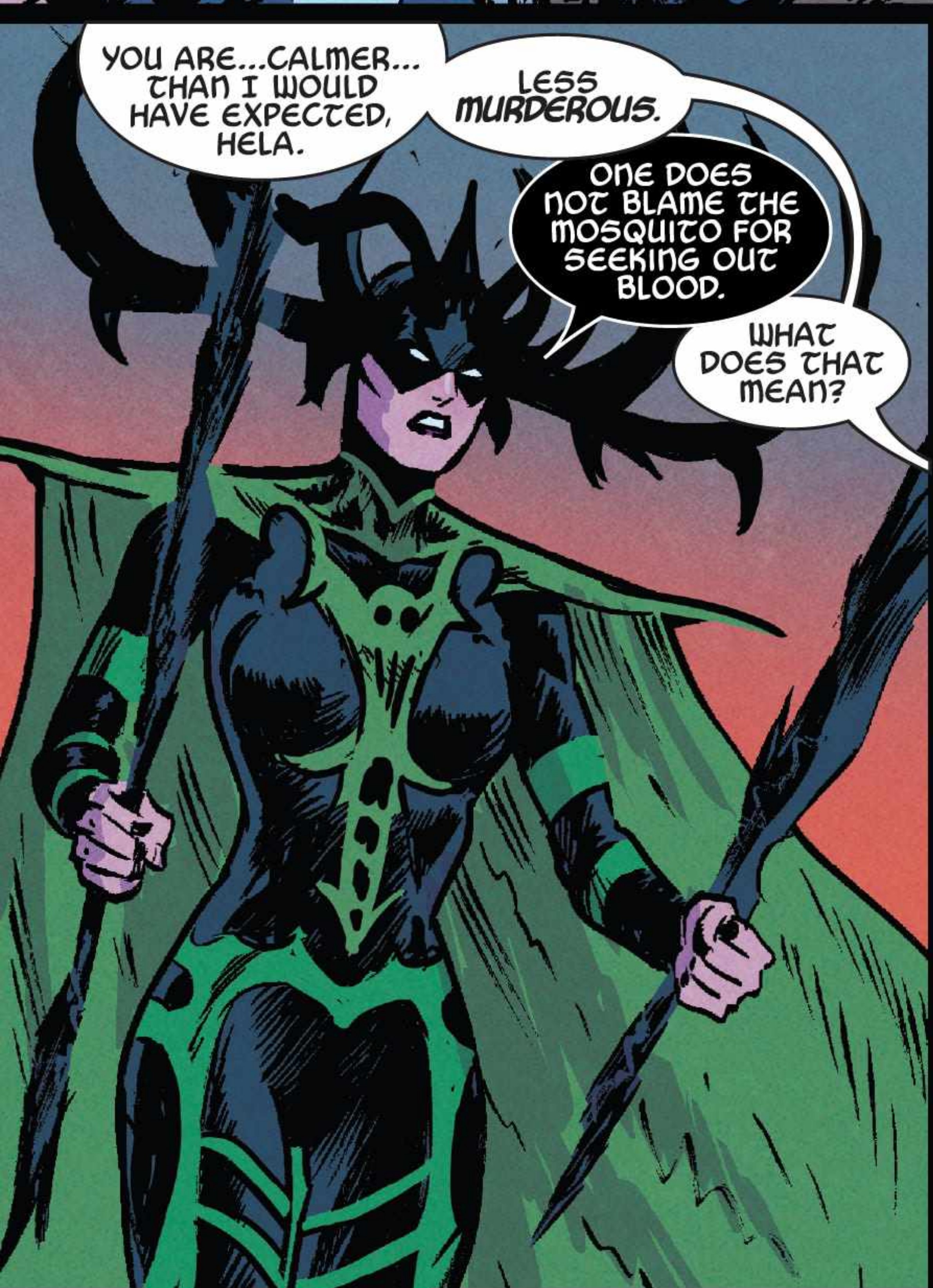


CRASH



DOOM IMPRISONED
YOU, AND YOU ARE
NOT GOING
AFTER HIM?

I MUST
TEND TO
THE DEAD,
ODINSON.



YOU ARE...CALMER...
THAN I WOULD
HAVE EXPECTED,
HELA.

LESS
MURDEROUS.

ONE DOES
NOT BLAME THE
MOSQUITO FOR
SEEKING OUT
BLOOD.

WHAT
DOES THAT
MEAN?



NIGHT IS
DARK, DAY IS
LIGHT, MEN WILL
CRAVE POWER, AND
SOME THINGS
ARE...



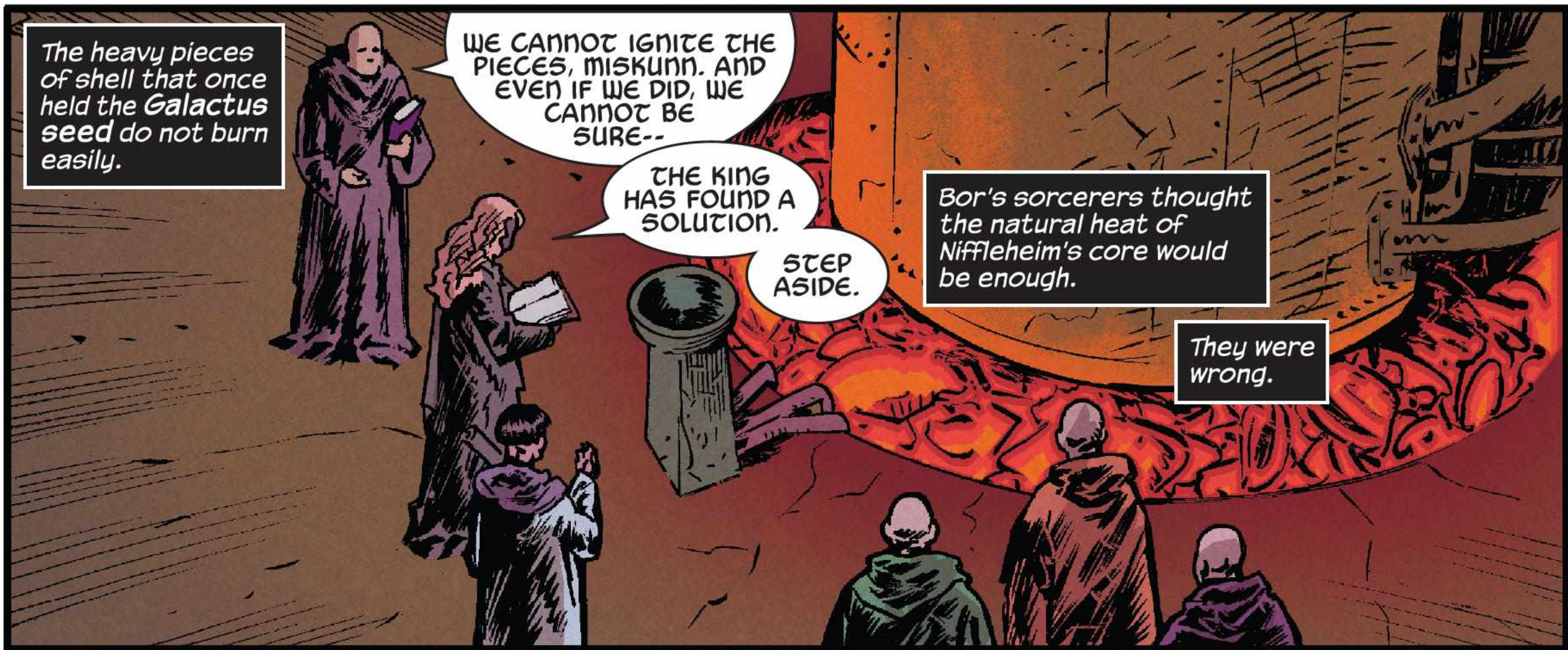
...INEVITABLE.



--AFTER ALL, WHAT WOULD A GOD KNOW ABOUT DEATH?

LET ME SHOW YOU.

YOU HEARD THE KING.
WE BEGIN.



The heavy pieces of shell that once held the *Galactus* seed do not burn easily.

WE CANNOT IGNITE THE PIECES, MISKUNN. AND EVEN IF WE DID, WE CANNOT BE SURE--

THE KING HAS FOUND A SOLUTION.

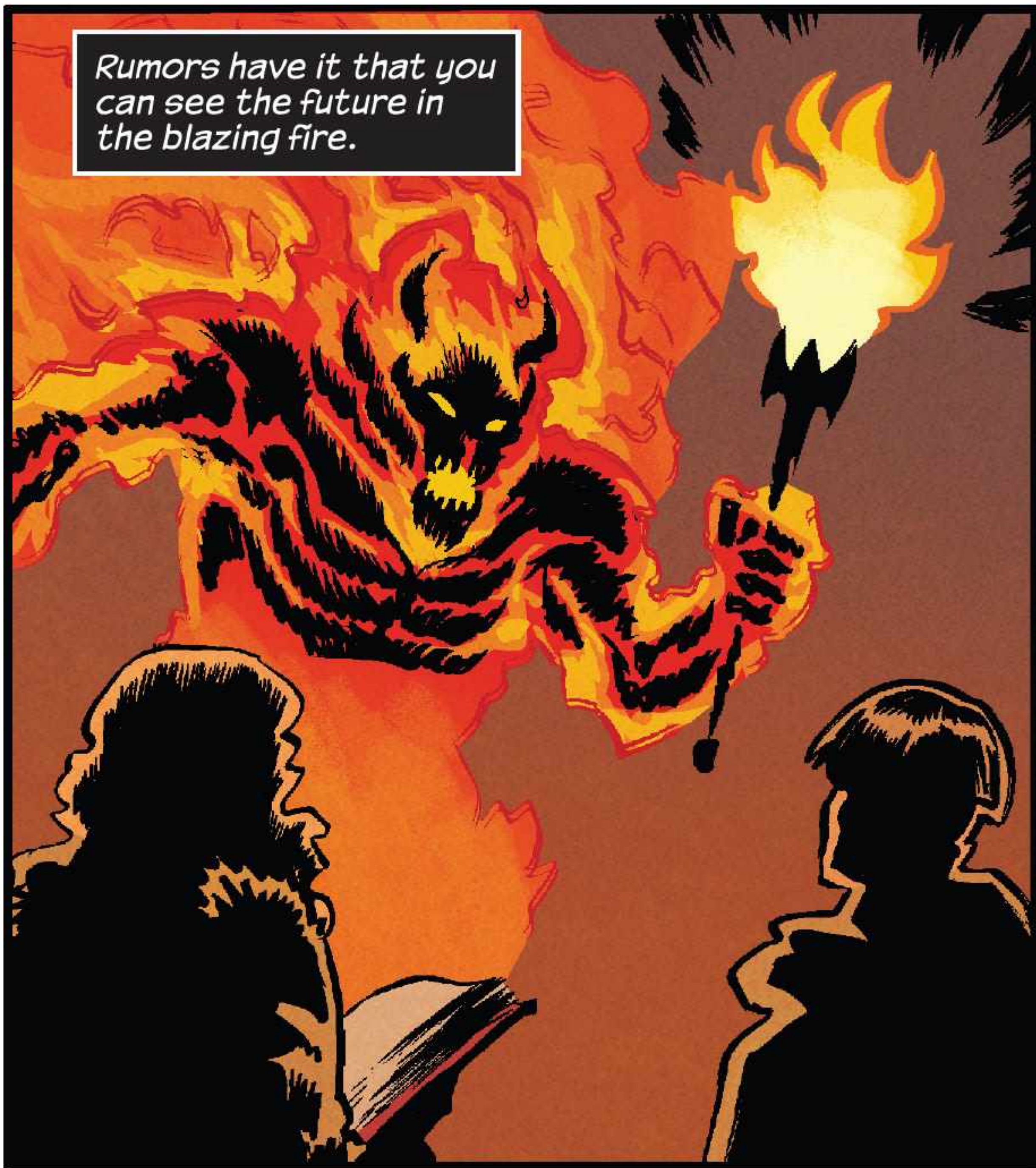
STEP ASIDE.

Bor's sorcerers thought the natural heat of Niffleheim's core would be enough.

They were wrong.



So they have brought the Eternal Flame of Muspel from the depths of Muspelheim.



Rumors have it that you can see the future in the blazing fire.

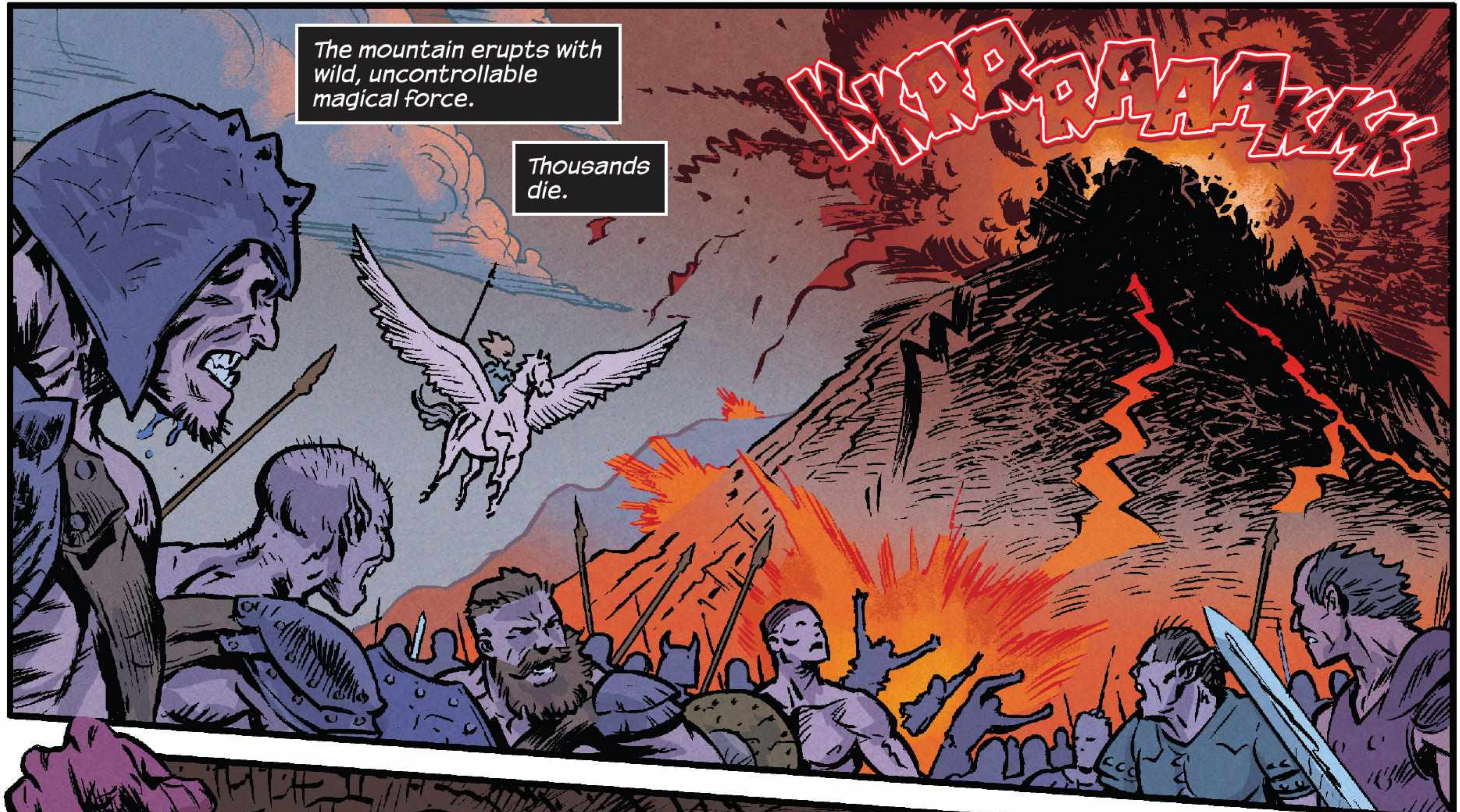


(But no one has ever come close enough to find out if it is true.)

The mountain erupts with wild, uncontrollable magical force.

Thousands die.

WRRRAAAZZZ



Thanos is so close, but the magic is tearing him apart.

The smoke of eternity lays heavy in the air.

Time seems to slow and hasten as he breathes it in and out.

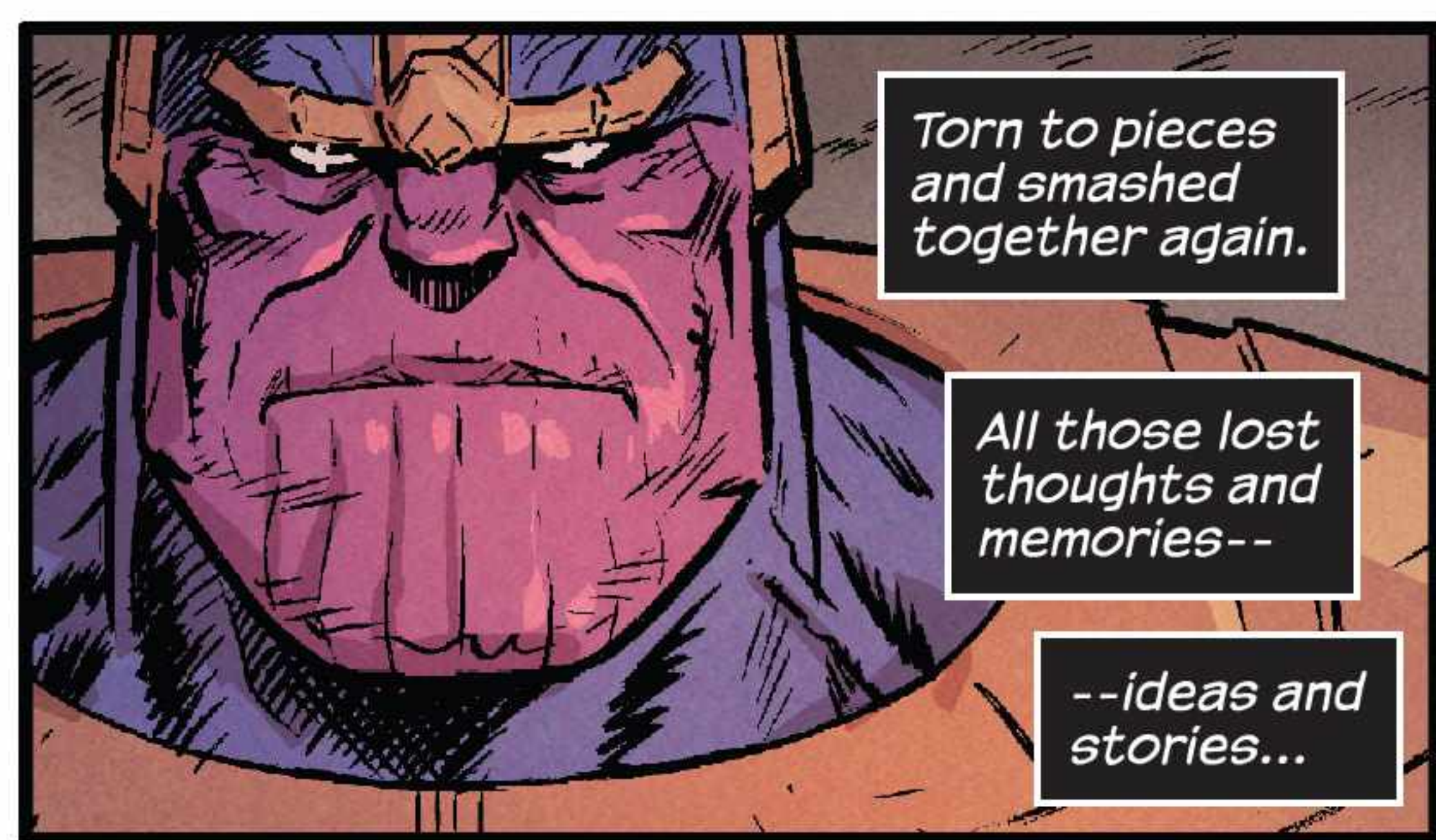
In the heart of the fire, souls melt.



Torn to pieces and smashed together again.

All those lost thoughts and memories--

--ideas and stories...



All the love, regret, indifference, joy and gratitude...

All that the dead ever were is distilled--





--and reborn.



A CHILD?
WHAT IS--?

WHERE
IS IT?

His questions
echo through
the mountain.



WHERE
IS THE
STONE?!

But there is
no answer.



Only silence.

And death.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEXT: THE TRUTH BEHIND BOR'S CREATION REVEALED!



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